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ON GETTING KISSED. BY GRESTER R. CHILDS. ed me ! and this life at once see soul, winged with transport, soared up to the sky clouds of bright rainbows it floated along.

While echo gave back its thankagiving song. But a moment it lasted, and yet I would giv My whole life another such moment to live. And though Paradise claims an infinite bliss.

And then I swoke and sought, but in vain.
With my heart all inflame to dream it again.
The glance that you gave me seemed almost divine.
The touch of your bolt hit, entangled with mine.
The filled through my whole being, absorbing in bils
That moment of rapture produced by the kizz.

Spoke soft to my heart in a alivery tone; It broke like a bubble from your lips on mine, And perfumed my breath with the fragrance of thi

CHARMING PICKPOCKET.

Miss Illione Howell sits on the top step of the back porch of the Pebble House, gazing out upon the river—blue as the sky above it, and almost as bright—which flows gently by at the foot of the garden.

Everything looks bright and beautiful this warm, pleasant, fragrant October day. The garden walks, formed of many small glittering stones, encircle the beds of autumn flowers and plots of feathery grass like broad gray ribbons thickly sewn with precious sems; and the little summer and bath houses, built of some dark wood, and increased with more brilliant pebbles, gleam and glow through the trees at the water's edge, as the homes of the diamond guemes much gleam and glow in the heart of the dark brown earth. Not does the sheen and glitter end with them, for the Pebble House itself is decorated around each window and door—imbedded in some mysterious manner in the frames—with many colored stones, each one sparkling bravely in pygmy mimicry of the setting aun.

sparkling bravely in pygmy mimicry of the setting aun.

But lovliest of all things that adorn this wonderful October day—lovelier than flashing river, gleaming sunshine-steeped pebbles, flaming gladioles, and bee-loved four-o'clocks, is the lady, young and fair, with golden-brown hair, large blue-gray eyes, pale oval face, and sweet small mouth, leaning back against the Pebble House porch, the foliage of the Virginia creeper that enrobes it dropping over her beautiful head. There is a tender, dreamy look in her large eyes, and a soft smile about her prettily curved lips, as she sits there so motionless, gazing out upon the river. One can see at once that she is wandering in dream-land; but, alas! she is doomed to be rudely recalled to earth again.

"Klenterents indeed "lands"

"Kleptomania, indeed, " said a loud girl-"Kleptomania, indeed," said a loud girlish voice near her, and Miss Ada Warden, a little brunette with magnificent black eyes and heavy black eyeshows, comes suddenly out on the porch, arm-in-arm with her inseparable friend, Linda Lees, whose eyes are as blue as Ada's are black, and whose eye-brows are the faintest shadows of those belonging to her friend.
"Why do thay never call it that when

Why do they never call it that when "Kleptomaniae," drawls Linda, sinking into an easy chair, and clasping her pretty hands above her head with a generous yawn that seems to indicate her weariness of the

subject.

"Oh, thanks!" continued Ada, in the same loud voice, swinging her broad-brifuned hat carelessly to and fro—"kleptomaniac, to be sure—happens to be a poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread or some-

"Oh, that affair of the diamond bracelet—
poor thing," says the young man.

"What, do you believe in kleptomania?"
drawls Linda, from her easy chair.

"That's the way they explain it," Ada goes on. "She has been an innocent pickerup of costly trifies since her childhood, her
father at first, and then her husband, refunding. But Mr. Brown, the jeweler, with
a heart as hard as his diamonds, threatened
prosecution, and only consented to a compromise on condition that he should be allowed to warn his brethren of gems and gold.
And so it all came out. Oh, dear! what a
shocking thing, especially when one remembers that the—the"

"Kleptomaniac," Linda again lazily sug-"Kleptomaniac," Linda again lazily sug-

gests.

"More thanks, Linda love—that the kleptomaniac came near being one of one's intimate-friends. Do say something, Her-

bert."

"The most charming girl I ever met in my life," Herbert responded, gravely, "was a pickpecket."

Miss Warden chokes with her lemonade, Miss Lees drops her hands from their favorite position above her head into her lap, with an echo of the word "pickpocket," and Misa Howell looks down on the young man with a questioning look in her lovely eyes.

proximity, although she did accept a programme from my hand, in an absent-minded kind of way, without even a glance in my direction, while the young lady on the other side peeped coquettishly at me."

"You conceited fellow!" exclaims his

"She did, upon my honor, from behind her fan, every few minutes, and at last, galaing confidence, from the angelic expres-sion of my countenance, no doubt, actually offered me a chocolate caramet."
"Why, Mr. Mcore!"
"She did, Miss Lees, and I took it and ate it. She was about in Labout think

ate it. She was about six, I should think. However, to go on with my story. In the third act, where—''
'' Rose Mitchel?''

"The Two Orphans "
"Neither. Where there is very some pathetic business my charming neighbor began to weep, and reaching her little gray-kidded hand down by her side took from the pocket of my coat my handkerchief—the last of that dozen of silk ones on broad transfer. ozen of silk ones you brought me from Paris

Ada."

"Not really? And what did you do!"

"Nothing. Yes, I did; I laughed silently and long, till the firt of the fan and the chocolate caramel said to me representally, "Why do you laugh? It isn't funny." And I watched her at the end of the play walking away in the most dignified manner, after carefully putting my handkerchief in her polecular or whatver you called it works!" polocoat, or whatever you called it, pocket."
"Twas all a mistake, you may depend
upon it, Herbert. Last winter we wore our

ockets so—so—''
Ada hesitates and Linda, as usual, com Ada hesitates and Linda, as usual, comes to her assistance: "In our back breadths."

"—that ahe—I mean no doubt your coat skirt was intruding upon the arm of her chair. And did you ever meet her again?"

"I did. And she initied attely possessed herself, in just as guileless a manner as she possessed herself of my handkerchief, or something belonging to me, from my point of view, infinitely more valuable."

"There's George, and we promised to go sailing with him. Come Linda," shouts Ada, grasping her lazy friend by the arm, and as they ran down the steps she shouts back at her cousin, "If there's any more tell us this evening, Herbert."

"Is there any more, Miss Howell?" asks Mr. Moore, rising and standing face to face with the blushing girl.

"Should there be more?" she asks in re-

Thurman and Edmunds Howard Carroll writes as follows to th

New York Times : "With a few of the Republicans Senato Thurman has always been on the most inti-mate personal terms. This has been par-ticularly true as regards Senator Edmunds. Both gentlemen are members of the Judiciary Committee, and the Republican giant in con-Committee, and the Republican giant in con-situtional law has always, but especially since Thurman's service on the Electoral Commission, had great respect for his legal ability. This respect, which was of course returned, has in late years ripened into a warm personal friendship, which develops itself in many odd ways. For instance, the two Senators almost invariably take in com-pany that refreshment and little stimulant pany that refreshment and little stimulant which they may find necessary during a long and tiresome session. On such occasions their movements are quite as eccentric as they are amusing, and to the initiated well understood. When the opportunity or the spirit moves, one or the other of them—it is

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WEND CARE DE COLUMN THE

Largest and most Complete of the consequence of the column and the case of the column and th

awfully tired."

"Wouldn't you rest better in a chair !"
and she leans forward with a bright smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"Not at all, thank you," seating himself a step or two below the lady.

"Mrs. Sherwood," begins Ada, between two bites of a macaroon,
"Oh, that affair of the diamond bracelet—poor thing," says the young man. moving lips the words:
"'Upon this question, Mr. President, I
am paired with my honored friend, the Sen-

Ohio is again in his place, and has used his now historical bandana handkerchief, they exchange glances and go back to work. At exchange glances and go back to work. At such times he is an unfortunate man who attempts to contradict either of them in regard to a question of constitutional law. Allen G. Thurman, his rugged red face, portly form, clear-cut speeches, sound law, and grim humor, will be greatly missed in the United States Senate. Most of all, however, will be be missed by his friend, the Senator from Vermont."

Sheridan and His Wife.

In 1792 his wife died. "I never," says Michael Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for his beloved wife; and though the world which knew him only as a public man will perhaps scarcely credit the will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have night after night seen him sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition,

"They bore her to a grassy grave."

LOVE IN DREAMS

Love bath its poppy-wreath, Not Night alone, I laid my head beneath Love's lilled throne

Then to my sleep he brought The flower of many a thought

A form, a face, no more Fairer than truth; A dream from Death's pale shore: The soul of youth.

A dream so dear and drep. All dreams above, That still I pray to sleep-Bring love back, Love.

the book for years and years; but they are

Vanquish fatigue by energy of mind: For not on plums or canopied in state the sculs wins fame: How often since, in life's hard struggles an my life was wrapt up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun to share in my day-and-night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at or quizzed. Thus I had lived again and again through the whole childhood and lives of many of Shakspears's beginned.

of many of Shakespeare's heroines, long be-fore it was my happy privilege to imperson-ate and make them in my fashion my own. During the few years I acted under Mr. Macready's management, almost the Mr. Macready's management, almost the first, as you know, in my theatrical life, I was never called upon to act the character of Ophelia—I suppose because the little snatches of song (merely what we call the humming of a tune) kept still alive the tradition that an accomplished singer was required for the part. I had my wish, however, when in Paris, a little later, I was asked, as a favor, to support, Mr. Macready in Hamlet by acting Ophelia. I need not say how nervous I felt—all the more because of this singing tradition. The performances were given in the Salle Ventadour, on the "off nights" of the Italian Opera. Oh how difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and give it an utterance and a form! To add to my fright, I was told just before entering on the scene, that Grisi, and many others of the scandalized this city, they gradually sell off in salacious quality until they were not much wickeder than other free-to-all dances. This year, however, all the old-time extravagences of dress and deportment were repeated and amplified. The attendance was enormous. The number of women who remained closely masked proved that many a respectable female was seeing life in a safe disguise; but the majority of my sex present

Straining at Guats. In a late number of a popular magazine a contributor undertook to point out the evil which bad rhymes were working in our literature, and said that imperfect rhymes, learned and repeated by a child, might make him an incurably slovenly speaker. The reason given for this was that it would induce said child to mispronounce words in order to make them "jingle;" as for instance, if "dumb" was used in the first line and home as the rhyme in the corresponding "dumb" was used in the first line and home as the rhyme in the corresponding line, the latter word would be pronounced "hum," and so on. This objection is whittled dawn to the finest kind of a point, the writer inveighing strongly against Hood, for illustration, who makes "mystery" rhyme with "history" in "The Bridge of Sighs."

Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery, etc.

use of these words as rhymping terminals is allowable, and that "a" in the one and the "o" in the other are silent, our sensible

reviewer says:

'I know a man who does not say 'splendor' (making the o obscure) like the rest of my acquaintances. He says 'splendor' with the oas in sor. But he also says 'picture,' 'Christmas' and 'often.' I have him.— Chicago Inter-Occum.

COLD WINTERS.

The Winter of 1779-80—The Cold Fridny of February 7, 1807.

The winter of 1779-80 began as the present one did, and before the sight moderation in the atmosphere. Sanday many of the elder residents, whose fathers and mothers had told them many takes of that terrible winter. had told them many tales of that terrible winter, were speculating whether the present one would resemble it in other respects. In 1779 80 the cold weather set in about the middle of November, and continued until the middle of February. During that long perold there was not enough warmth in the sun's rate to melt the snow on the ground, nor to affect in the least the fetters of ice that least the fetters of ice Melen Pauelt (Mrs. Theodore Martin)
on Ophelia.

She was one of the pet dreams of my girlhood—partly, perhaps, from the mystery of her Haddings. In Hiy childhood I was much alone—taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea, in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there—an acting edition by John Kemble. This and the "Arabian Nights"—how dear these books were to me! Then I had the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Satan was my great hero. I think I knew him by heart. His address to the council I have often declaimed to the waves, when sure of being unobserved. I liad also a translation—I don't know whose (poor enoigh, bit good enough for me then)—of Dante's "Inferno," some lines of which sank deep into my heart. I have not seen the book for years and years; but they are still there. ments only by night, now came in broad day-light in search of the bones and offal thrown from the cabins of the settlers. No rain fell, and the pioneers were compelled to obtain water by melting ice and snow. The northern and western rivers were tightly bound by frost, and even as far south as Nashville the Cumberland river was frozen they ran down the steps she shouts back at her cousin, "If there's any more tell us this evening, Herbert."

"If there's any more tell us this evening, Herbert."

"If there any more, Miss Howell?" asks Mr. Moore, rising and standing face to face with the blushing girl.

"Should there be more?" she asks in return.

"Yes. 'And she gave him her heart in place of his own, and promised to be his true and faithful wife." Do you approve of that ending for my story?"

"That would be a happy conclusion, I'm sure," laughs lillone. "I can think of no better one, Herbert."

And he draws her little hand within his arm, and they slowly saunter off toward the happy river.

How often since, in life's hard struggles and troubles, have these lines helped me. My books were indeed a strange medley, but they with ice thick enough for the safe passage of emigrant trains. The Delaware, at Philadelphia, had ice three feet in thickness, and found them satisfying. They filled my young heart and mind with what fascinated me most, the gorgeous, the wonderful, the grand, the heroic, the self-denying, the self-devoting. Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember, oh some occasions, after I had returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be him my little storehouse, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favorites to the aimused ears of those about me. But I issuer revealed how much my life was wrapt up in them, even to my susceeded now much my life was wrapt up in them, even to my susceeded now much my life was wrapt up in them, even to my rivers were frozen over, and havigation was suspended upon them until the 18th of the following March. In 1792 when soldiers were sent to the disastrous battle field of Gen. St. Clair to bury the dead, they encamped where Cincinnati now stands, January 23. The snow was reported two feet deep upon the ground, and the Ohio was so strongly frozen that the soldiers rode their horses across from Kentucky on the ice. The 7th of February, 1807, was known for years as cold Friday, and was the ground-work for many a grandfather's tale. On the evening of the 6th the weather was mild and rain of the 6th the weather was mild and rain began to fall as night set in. In a few hours the rain changed to snow, which fell to the depth of six inches, after which a hurricane came to sweep over the land. It grew colder and colder as the night progressed, and the next morning the trees in the forests were cracking like the reports of gnns and everything was bound in fetters of ice. There was no thermometer to register the cold, but the day comes down in history and tradition as Cold Friday.

New York's French Ball.

phere of sympathy surrounded you! Every tone was heard, every look was watched, felt, appreciated. I seemed lifted into "an ampler ether, a diviner air." Think, if this were so in Desdemona, in Ophelia, what it must have been to act Juliet to them! I was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I remember that, because of the curtailment of a some of the scenes in "Romeo and Juliet," (the brilliant Mercutio was cut out,) I had to change my dress very quickly and came to the side scene breathless. I said something to Mr. Serle, the acting manager, about the hot haste of it all—no pause to gather one's self up for the great exertion that was to follow. He replied: "Never mind, you will feel no fatigue after this."

And he was right. The inspiration of the scene is at all times the best anodyne to pain and bodily fatigue. But who could think of either before an audience so sensitively alive to every touch of the artist's hand?

But to return to poor Ophelia. I learned afterward that among the audience when I played her first were many of the finest minds in Paris, and these found "most pretty things" to say of the Ophelia to which I had introduced them. Many came after the play to my dressing-room in the French tashion— to say them, I suppose.—From a Letter in Blackwood.

Manuel at the seemed lifted into "an ampled closely masked proved that many a respectable female was seeing life in a safe tiock no more pains to hide their faces than to cover any other part of themselves. There could not have been less than two hundred pairs of female legs disgoise; but the majority of my sex present took no more pains to hide their faces than to cover any other part of the majority of my sex present took no more pains to hide their faces than to cover any other part of the majority of my sex present took no more pains to hide their faces than to cond not have been less than two hundred pairs of female legs disgoise to her the college disgoine; blue the college disgoine; but the majority of the majority of the majority of the majority

all the rest was hesh-colored tights. The effect was that of an almost naked woman, with her body showing through the interstices of the leafy garment. Her arms and bosom were wholly bare, and the silken covering of her legs looked exactly like skin. Is it any wonder that she was followed and surrounded by a crowd, and that finally, being caucht in course he was believed. caught in a corner by some hilarious Wall-street fellows, she was plucked of the leaves in a jiffy? She was willing to dance in her corset, but the floor managers retired her.

Fernan Caballera. It is astonishing that, in spite of the power of this great writer and the fascination of the language in which she wrote, her name should be almost unknown in England. Spain, if indeed, as Schopenhauer describes it, "the aubtlest of nations," is, at the same time, the least advanced as far as progress is concerned, and the farthest removed from actual tendencies of thought. When, therefore, we enter the region of modern Spanish. bett, "In more darreing gift over met in spife, "Bett-process," "In which will be the spife of process," "They loss he to group grave." "They loss he grave." "They loss he to grav



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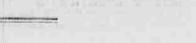
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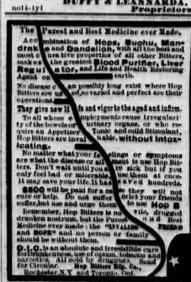
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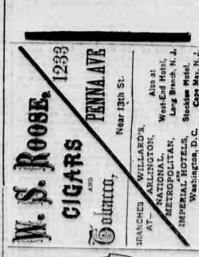


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